The World

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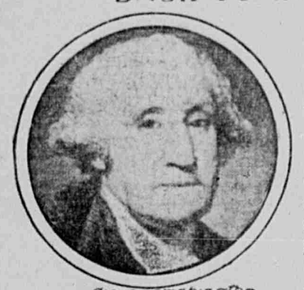
BACK TO WASHINGTON.



George Washington

The worst about the Old World's belief that American business methods are rotten is the basis of fact the exposures of illegitimate trade practices give it. It is the truth that hurts.

It is not only the Beef Trust scandal which gives Europe ground for suspicion. Its memory runs back to the plucking of foreign investors in Erie and Atchison.

It remembers the Shipbuilding Trust and the long line of New Jersey stock company exploitations. It recalls the life insurance revelations. It has now before it the graft in the railroad which had a world repute for probity. It knows our shortcomings in food adulteration, in patent medicine fabrication, in whiskey "rectifying." If Yankee smartness is not synonymous with trickery abroad it is not because we have neglected any opportunity to make it so.

For a generation we have been trading on a reputation for business honesty and fair dealing which it took a century to acquire. It is time we were redeeming it and reverting to old standards. It is time we threw over the industrial Napoleons and went back to Washington, whose flour and tobacco with the Mount Vernon brand on it commanded absolute confidence and passed the inspectors unquestioned.

Sending commercial criminals to jail may accomplish something as a guarantee of good faith, but if America's credit in the world's markets is to be re-established there must be a reform of corrupt business practices from the ground up. But if the spectre of a world boycott of American goods is to be banished, it must be through an adherence to Washington ideals of business honesty.

It is to be hoped that the interests of justice have been fully subserved in the Patrick case and that it will no longer clog the courts. As Recorder Goff pertinently says, to set aside the verdict of a jury and the solemn judgment of a court on the insufficient new evidence produced would be "more of a perversion than a promotion of justice." A prolongation of the four years' battle in behalf of the prisoner would be a wanton misuse of legal safeguards.

A CATSPAW ONLY?

In considering the Board of Estimate's invitation to the Telephone Trust to pay its debts sight should not be lost of the fact that it is since a rival company applied for a franchise that this action could be taken with some hope of success.

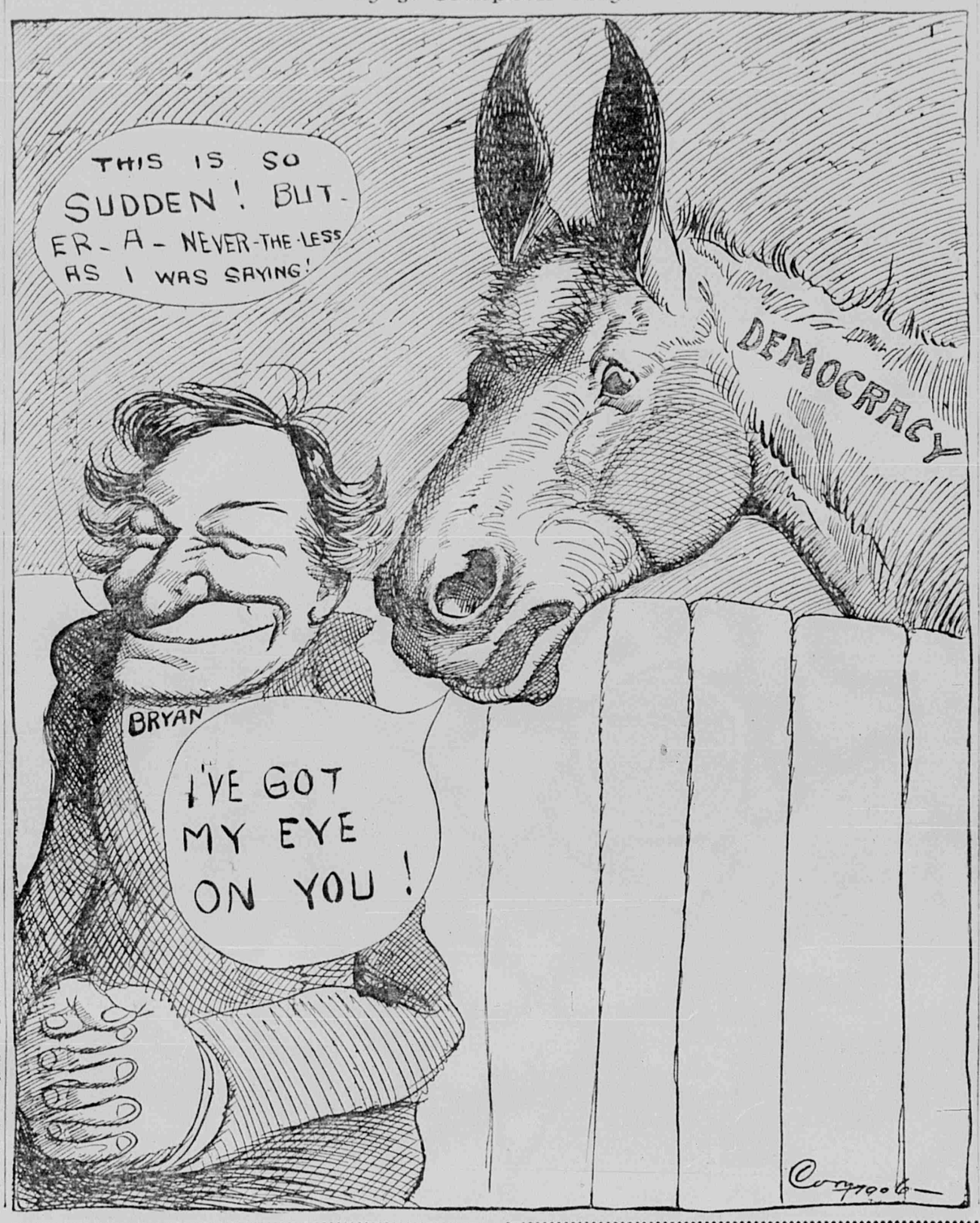
The $6,000,000 of rent which the New York Telephone Company owes has long been overdue. That pressure can now be applied with some prospect that the debt will be paid is owing to the competing company's vigorous attempts to invade the monopoly's territory. It is owing to the insistence of the new company in pushing its claims that the trust has been moved to promise reasonable rates. The threshing over of the questions brought up in the contest has done more to bring the trust to terms than has been accomplished in twenty years of desultory agitation.

It is not to be assumed that the Atlantic went into the fight for the purpose of performing a public service. Yet that is exactly what it has done, and the public is to that extent under an obligation of gratitude to it. There is no guarantee that if the new company secures a franchise it will not some day be absorbed by the existing company and the monopoly of the latter made absolute. But the discussion has made a cheap telephone service something more than a dream.

The Atlantic has been used as a catspaw with excellent results—for the public. Whatever else it may get, it is at least entitled to thanks.

You Never Can Tell.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Says the HIGH-BROW.

By Martin Green.

"MY only chance," complained the Low-Brow, "to see a ball game is on Sunday, and I'm willing to produce, but the best I get is a license to pay an admission fee to see anything else."

"It's a good thing," declared the High-Brow. "A ball game on Sunday is an immoral stunt. Coarse men in uniform spit on their hands and holler. They disturb people riding by the ball yard in automobiles. Besides, you ought to be at Coney Island, listening to a dizzy blonde in a concert hall singing 'Waiting at the Church.'"

"The small minority that controls our Sunday amusements wisely concludes that to allow baseball on Sunday would put the kibosh on the Sabbath.

"The first thing we know if we allow people to go out and implore a bunch of athletes to kill the other side we will insert the opening wedge into the Continental Sunday. What the Continental Sunday is makes no difference. It's bad.

"Commissioner Bingham has been so informed by numerous butter-in letter-writers.

"Under our laws you may not pay your dollar or half dollar, sit out in the open air on Sunday afternoon and see eighteen perfect human machines play the cleanest game ever invented.

"But you are encouraged to drift into a hot theatre, pile a bunch of lager or booze in front of yourself and tear up the seats when a foolish comedian performs before an undraped female background.

"The city youth, after six days of hard work, is barred from the Polo Grounds or Washington Park or American League Park on Sunday, but if he hears the call of the billiard parlor there is no law to stop him from answering it.

"The saloons are open on Sunday, the vaudeville houses are open every Sunday afternoon and evening, the dance halls at the beaches are open seven days and nights in the week. Why should a man want to go to an uncouth ball game?

"Three hours in the open air, exercising up his lungs and making his blood circulate would give him an appetite, and everybody knows that the more a man eats the more money it costs him. Also, a ball-game appetite is very likely to induce a man to eat meat.

"It is a well-known and established fact that nearly all professional ball players chew tobacco, and some of them swear at the umpire. Rumor has it that certain players eat with their knives and call for soup twice.

"Every move that keeps the American youth away from such demoralizing companionship is worthy of commendation."

"They sure have got baseball in bad on Sunday," sighed the Low-Brow.

"That's right," agreed the High-Brow. "About the only places of amusement and recreation they close up are the ball yards and the art museums."

Race Track Rhymes by Barnes.

The System Man.

I.

MCWILLIAMS had a system
To beat the racing game,
And, therefore, to the city
This budding genius came.
Before his stock of greenbacks
Was even partly gone
He won on Weeping Willow,
At
25 to 1.

II.

Oh, how McWilliams chuckled,
And bragged about his luck;
He said: "Such easy money
As this was never struck!"
Next day, of course, he rambled
Out yonder to the track,
And very promptly handed
That bunch of money back.

III.

You often see McWilliams
Around the track these days;
Because of lack of money
He very seldom plays.
His clothing and his jewels
Are long ago in pawn;
His days and meals, in ratio,
Are
25 to 1.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXIV.

(Continued.)

WITH his increasing consciousness his nervous collapse became more marked. At the first moment of waking the relief of an unexpected presence had surmounted everything else; but now, as one by one his faculties stirred, his wretched condition became patent. With a new sense of perturbation, Loder made his next attack.

"Chilcote"— he began sternly.

But again Chilcote caught his arm, plucking at the coat sleeve. "Where is it?" he said. "Where is the tube of tabloids—the sedative? I'm—I'm obliged to take something when my nerves go wrong"— In his weakness and nervous tremor he forgot that Loder was the sharer of his secret. Even in his extremity his fear of detection clung to him limply—the lies that had become second nature slipped from him without effort. Then suddenly a fresh panic seized him; his fingers tightened spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove about the room and settled on his companion's face. "Can you see it, Loder?" he cried. "I can't—the light's in my eyes. "Can you see it? Can you see the tube?" He lifted himself higher, an agony of apprehension in his face.

Loder pushed him back upon the pillow. He was striving hard to keep his own mind cool, to steer his own course straight through the chaos that confronted him. "Chilcote," he began once more, "you sent for me last night, and I came the first thing this morning to tell you"— But there he stopped.

With an excitement that lent him strength Chilcote pushed aside his hands. "God!" he said suddenly, "suppose 'twas lost—suppose 'twas gone!" The imaginary possibility gripped him. He sat up, his face livid, drops of perspiration showing on his forehead, his whole shattered system trembling before his thought.

At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantel shelf," he said in a cold, abrupt voice.

A groan of relief fell from Chilcote and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes; then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said quickly. "Give it to me. Give it to me, Loder. Quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whiskey and water. The tabloids dissolve, you know"— In his new excitement he held out his hand.

But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead—if need be—for the one hour for which he had lived, the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay.

"Chilcote, you wrote last night to recall me"— Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again Chilcote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of his old irritability.

"Damn you!" he cried suddenly, "what are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative." In his excitement his breath failed and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken.

Loder walked to the dressing table, then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind.

Again Chilcote's lips parted. "Loder," he said faintly—"Loder, I must—I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile.

Again Loder turned away.

"Loder—for God's sake"——

With a fierce gesture the other turned on him. "Good heavens! man"— he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said in a lower voice. "All right! Stay as you are."

He crossed to where the empty tumbler stood and hastily mixed the whiskey and water; then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed tabloids he paused and glanced once more toward the bed. "How many?" he said laconically.

Chilcote lifted his head. His face was pitiably drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Five," he said sharply. "Five. Do you hear, Loder?"

"Five?" Involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chilcote's he knew the amount of morphia contained in each tabloid, and realized that five tabloids, if not an absolutely dangerous, was at least

"What are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the Stuff! I tell you it's imperative!"

an excessive dose, even for one accustomed to the drug. For a moment his resolution failed; then the dominant note of his nature—the unconscious, fundamental egotism on which his character was based—asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request, made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self-assertion—prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chilcote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes; and a vision of himself followed sharp upon his glance—a vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the five tabloids one after another into the glass.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAVING taken a definite step in any direction it was not in Loder's nature to wish it retraced. His face was set, but set with determination, when he closed the outer door of his own rooms and passed quietly down the stairs and out into the silent court. The thought of Chilcote, his pitiable condition, his sordid environments, were things that required a firm will to drive into the background of the imagination; but a whole inferno of such visions would not have daunted Loder on that morning as, unobserved by any eyes, he left the little courtyard with its grass, its trees, its pavement—all so distastefully familiar—and passed down the Strand toward life and action.

As he walked his steps increased in speed and vigor. Now for the first time he fully appreciated the great mental strain that he had undergone in the past ten days—the unnatural tension, the suppressed but perpetual sense of impending recall, the consequently high pressure at which work, and even existence, had been carried on. And as he hurried forward the natural reaction to this state of things came upon him in a flood of security and confidence—a strong realization of the temporary respite and freedom for which no price would have seemed too high. The moment for which he had unconsciously lived ever since Chilcote's first memorable proposition was within reach at last—safeguarded by his own action.

The walk from Clifford's Inn to Grosvenor Square was long enough to dispel any excitement that his interview had aroused; and long before the well-known house came into view he felt sufficiently braced mentally and physically to seek Eve in the morning room—where he instinctively felt she would still be waiting for him.

Thus he encountered and overpassed the obstacle that had so nearly threatened ruin, and with the singleness of purpose that always distinguished him he was able, once having passed it, to dismiss it altogether from his mind. From the moment of his return to Chilcote's house no misgiving as to his own action, no shadow of doubt, rose to trouble his mind. His feelings on the matter were quite simple. He had inordinately desired a certain opportunity; one factor had arisen to debar that opportunity, and he, claiming the right of strength, had set the barrier aside. In the simplicity of the reasoning lay its power to convince, and were a tonic needed to brace him for his task he was provided with one in the masterful sense of a difficulty set at naught. For the man who has fought and conquered one obstacle feels strong to vanquish a score.

It was on this day, at the reassembling of Parliament, that Fraide's great blow was to be struck. In the ten days since the affair of the caravans had been reported from Persia public feeling had run high, and it was upon the pivot of this incident that Loder's attack was to turn; for, as Lakely was fond of remarking, "In the scales of public opinion one dead Englishman has more weight than the whole Eastern Question!" It had been arranged that, following the customary procedure, Loder was to rise after questions at the morning sitting and ask leave to move the adjournment of the House on a definite matter of urgent public importance; upon which—leave having been granted by the rising of forty members in his support—the way was to lie open for his definite attack at the evening sitting. And it was with a mind attuned to this plan of action that he retired to the study immediately he had breakfasted, and settled to a final revision of his speech before an early party conference should compel him to leave the house. But here again circumstances were destined to change his programme. Scarcely had he sorted his notes and drawn his chair to Chilcote's desk than Renwick entered the room with the same air of important haste that he had shown on a previous occasion.

(To Be Continued.)